THE IOLA REGISTER.

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IOLA. - - - - - - - KANSAS

THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE.

She read the valedictory: 'twas deep and analytic,
And scored a splendid victory o'er every carping critic;
But much I fear her logic clear and all her moods and tenses
Were lost upon my listening ear and my enraptured senses;
For when she talked of botany, and leaves and grass and rushes
I only saw the roses red that mingled in her blushes.
And when she spoke of history and turned its lamp-stained pages,
To me the only mystery was what the dear girl's ages is.
She wandered off on *x* plus *a*, on cubes and squares grew flowery,
It set me thinking what might be the figure of her dowry.
So pondering down in the parquet I'd set my heart to woo her,
When she picked up a huge bouquet some other fellow threw her;
Took out a note, blushed rosy red, smoothed all its pinky creases,
While over my devoted head my castle went to pieces. —*Providence Star.*

PHYSICAL COURAGE.

Why It Should Be Considered a Gift, Not an Acquirement.

Some Instances of Remarkable Nerve Displayed by Well-Known Persons—Donaldson's Ascension—Boyton's Wonderful Self-Possession.

Physical courage is a constitutional attribute. It descends, as surely as bodily or mental stamina, from sire to son. Though generally ranked by essayists below the moral quality, it probably deserves equal, it certainly receives greater, admiration. It is worthy the same praise because, so far as the individual possessing it is concerned, neither type is especially entitled to credit. Each is a matter of inheritance, more or less affected by the accidents of education and by the surroundings of the owner's life. Just as a man of fine fiber, the son of a gentleman, has within him, even if suppressed or stunted by circumstances, the well-bred instincts of his father, so usually does the child inherit the moral or the physical courage of the parent, or both. It is his good fortune, not his merit, and he is no more to be cheered for the fact than is the constitutional coward to be blamed, and the latter is rather to be pitied, if his case be fairly weighed, apart from the strong prejudice that has always existed and doubtless always will exist against one so afflicted.

Absolute physical courage, in the sense of actual absence of the sense of fear of personal harm, receives, I have claimed, more admiration than does the more metaphysical gift for I have assumed them both to be gifts, not acquirements. It receives more for two reasons. First, it is more comprehensible to the average observer. Second, it is more rarely met with. The former proposition scarcely requires demonstration, it is so evident—to cite a single instance—that a man resisting the blandishments of sinful beauty or the temptations of the drink-demon is less appreciated and universally applauded than is he who leads a forlorn hope. As to the latter proposition—that the ignorance of fear is rarer than the mental or moral mastery of it—there can be had the testimony of whole armies that the soldier who is without a tremor of dread before the fight is on and the blood is up is an exception, while the same armies will bear witness that moral courage keeps almost every soldier with his face to the foe even in that cruel ordeal which precedes the actual battle, though in cheering him the world thinks itself applauding the physical gift, which, with strange inconsistency, it will in its philosophical essays soon afterward term the inferior quality.

No to the field of carnage with its music and its flags, its momentous issues, its appeals to pride and patriotism, its contagious excitement, must we look for well-defined examples of physical courage. If to war at all, we would turn to the lonely picket line, in the darkness of a freezing night, in the presence of a cruel foe, with death creeping up in the shadow of every passing cloud, with no hope of even honorable mention to follow one unwatched and perhaps forever unrecorded sacrifice of life to duty. There we might find the combination of both types of courage; but with the presence of the moral admitted, it would remain uncertain whether or not the physical also was there. Examples of our theme had better be sought, therefore, amid the scenes of ordinary life, or, if in extraordinary adventure, at least apart from military affairs. And right here arises the difficulty of separating the innate quality from that which is born of habit or of long familiarity with danger.

All the country can recall the eventful balloon ascension in which Grimwood, the young Chicago journalist, lost his life, and when Donaldson went out over the lake never to again be heard of, even in death. I followed the details of that fateful ride upon the storm with painful interest, because for some years I had studied the bold, practical aeronaut, above and below the clouds, and had learned to look upon him as one a stranger to the feeling called fear; and yet it may have been habit, long immunity from disaster, that gave him this stature. The day of his disappearance was one of already rising tempest, and the balloon was cheap, old and patched, but Donaldson had weathered storms before, and upon the concentrating ring of this same leaky air-ship we had seen him standing erect, without even a hand upon the ropes, and listened to his low, calm voice amid the stillness of the upper atmosphere as he pointed out objects of interest upon the bosom of Mother Earth—never seeming so dear a mother as then—two full miles below. We whose duties took us up with him on such trips went, as a rule, because the situation compelled us to go. We went as the soldiers of Journalism, and as we would go into a riot or plague district, without alternative save loss of professional standing. Our enthusiasm perhaps brought us relief and enjoyment, once cut loose from *terra firma*, whose terrors were at least known, even as the warrior revels in the battle, once it has begun; but there were few of us who did not have, deep down in our hearts, a dread of the result as we stepped into the basket, that, for the moment at least, looked shallow as a saucer; and examined sustaining ropes that shrank to the appearance of rotten clothes lines. With Donaldson it was different. He was absolutely confident. His rude but graphic diary shows that he had always been so, from his debut into the professional world as a tight-rope dancer to the time when he soared above the clouds, hanging to a trapeze that took the place of the balloon basket, and put on clothes over his tights and spangles, amid the darkness and cold "up where the thunder sleeps." Was it custom-hardening, or was it absence of knowledge of fear? I love better to recall him as a type of absolute physical courage, reassuring his more or less nervous comrades with his absolute collectedness and self-poise.

One other illustration. When Paul Boyton, during his solitary voyage from the ice-gorged Allegheny to the mouth of the Mississippi, was about to enter the latter river at Cairo, I went to the water's edge to bid him God-speed. Of all the tens of thousands assembled on the shores I was perhaps the only one he could call a personal friend, another accompanying correspondent having hurried ahead to greet him at a port further south. The intrepid Captains of the Western rivers, who one and all admired him with that universal appreciation which Americans have for "pluck," had, without exception, warned him against entering "The Father of Waters." Whirlpools, malaria, mighty "tows" of empty barges stretching almost from shore to shore, and other dangers, were emphasized in their pleadings. Those whose skilled eyes had for weeks of solicitude watched nightly for the tiny signal light said: "You have proven yourself. You have voyaged the length of the Ohio. Tempt not the Mississippi." Therefore I looked, and looked in vain, for evidence of hesitation. There was no change. Possibly the farewell grasp of the hand was warmer than it was wont to be, but it was only the clasp of good-fellowship for a longer parting than usual. That evening I overtook "the voyager" on a steamer. The boat "slowed up" just at dark, and the colored deck-hands, to whom he was an awe-inspiring, mysterious being, handed him provisions. He rested on his paddles and looked, as we left him in the gloaming, like one of the drift logs that surrounded him. Everywhere was a waste of yellow waters, with low, marshy banks, and naked trees standing out against a bleak sky—no sign of human life anywhere within his sight or knowledge except upon the boat whose disappearing lights he saluted with a bugle blast as cheery as if he did not present, as the night closed in around him, as lonely a picture as ever was seen by mortal eye.

Now again this nerve might have been the creation of habit, one of the mightiest factors of human life, and the limits of whose forces have never yet been measured, if indeed they are measureable; but, as in Donaldson's case, the record meets this claim, and eye-witnesses tell us of a more striking test of Boyton's physical courage, though it was his first adventure at sea and he was yet a lad. Boarding an outbound steamer from New York, he was about to jump overboard to test his rubber suit, at a point twenty miles from the coast, when he was halted and ordered below by the commander. During the outward voyage Boyton's pleadings and arguments overcame the skipper's scruples and he pledged a sailor's word that the young adventurer would be allowed to go overboard when "Castinet Light" was sighted, eighteen miles from the shore of Ireland. When the eventful night came the sea was sobbing with coming storm. The commander endeavored to dissuade the young American from his purpose, only to be reminded of the "sailor's word" that had been given. The steamer lay to, and after a farewell to all, amid cheers, "the man in the rubber suit" sprang into the ocean. A signal light he was to flash to prove that he had safely cleared the ship failed him, but he cried: "All right, go ahead," and soon lost the sound of the departing paddles amid the quickly rising gale.

In that night's memorable storm many a gallant vessel went down, but a man without physical fear and with a settled purpose in his heart, armed with a frail paddle, and clad in life-saving armor, reached the rocky coast of Ireland, exhausted but alive. It was a twelve hours' struggle amid monster waves that at times concealed all things but the zenith, and against whose fury a merchant navy was helpless. The strong arms did much, but a heart to which fear or despair was a stranger did more. Such hearts sent men from dizzy heights at last to their deaths; down to their graves through the whirlpool rapids, and the world cries out upon "foolhardiness," while in secret it applauds, for the deeds are those of the same splendid physical courage that sent Donaldson and poor Grimwood upon the bosom of the storm; up into the awful region "where the thunder sleeps."—*Louis O'Shaughnessy, in Chicago Current.*

"N. B."

A Case of Too Much Jackass and Too Little Owner.

Opposite the Cass Avenue Driving Park some one is pasturing a jackass for the summer. He's no mule nor half-horse arrangement, but a simon-pure jackass of the old-time sort—homely as a hedge-fence hit by a cyclone, ugly as a disappointed office-seeker, and having a voice warranted to scare a baby into fits at a distance of a mile and a half.

If this beast would be content to be seen and clubbed and insulted it would not be so bad on the residents of Piety Hill, but he has plans of his own. Forty times a day he breaks in on the peace and good-will of the community by throwing up his head and jerking out:

"Oh! Haw-haw! Haw-haw! Haw-haw-u-u-u-r-r r!"

The gurgle reaches every house for half a mile around. It brings a shiver to every man and strikes terror to every woman's heart. Infants wake up and weep and the bravest school-boy instinctively feels for his revolver as the danger signal booms over the vacant lots.

Forty times per night that jackass wakes from his fitful slumbers, rubs his eyes on an old boot-leg and braces his legs to yell out:

"Oh! Haw-haw! Haw-haw! Haw-haw-u-u-u-r-r-r!"

Sleepers start up by the fifties. Men grab for their shot-guns and mutter and growl. Women look under the bed for burglars and wish it were morning. Children listen with palpitating hearts and the young man who has been "sitting up" with Hanner takes the middle of the street as he goes home.

There must be jackasses, and there must be owners of jackasses, but there is such a thing as too much jackass and too little owner. Let this beast beware. Let his owner take warning. Some day there will come the wild rush of a frenzied mob and that "Haw-haw!" will be silenced forever on earth. Some night the soft footfalls of desperate men will echo in the ear of the half-asleep beast, but it will be too late for him to apologize or fly.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—There are six branches of the Presbyterian Church in the United States.

THOMPSON'S SHAKE.

Remarkable Experience of an Indiana Athlete.

Mr. James Thompson, of Indiana, has suddenly and unintentionally become famous. Doctors regard him as a peculiar treasure, and from six to twelve of them investigate him daily with stethoscopes, auriscopes, microscopes, stereoscopes and other surgical instruments. The dime museums of the country are enthusiastically bidding for him, and if he lives a year or two more he will be rich as well as famous.

Mr. Thompson has been for a long time a strong advocate of athletic exercises. Recently he became interested in the new discovery that it is better to exercise the organs than the muscles. He immediately gave up his dumb-bells, his rowing machine and his trapeze, and provided himself with a shaking machine of his own invention. This machine was a chair furnished with springs, which, when set in motion and kept in motion by levers, shook the chair and its occupant violently. Mr. Thompson was accustomed to shake himself for fifteen minutes at a time every morning, but although the amount of shaking he received was satisfactory to him, he was dissatisfied with the exercise which the muscles of his arm received while working the levers. He felt that in exercising the muscles he was violating the principle that organs, and not muscles, should be exercised. He therefore devised a plan of operating his machine by steam power. At a very short distance from his house stands the steam mill of which he is the proprietor. It was comparatively an easy thing to connect the steam-engine with the shaking chair by means of belting, and when this was done Mr. Thompson was able to sit in his chair and undergo unlimited shaking without the use of a single muscle.

The connection between the chair and the steam-engine was finally perfected about two weeks ago. Mr. Thompson found, however, that the use of steam-power shook the chair with so much violence that it was necessary for the occupant to be securely strapped while undergoing shaking. It was necessary, too, that Mrs. Thompson, after strapping her husband to the chair, should go to the mill, couple the chair-shaking attachment and uncouple it at the end of fifteen minutes. This the good woman undertook to do, but just as she had set the chair in motion, Mrs. Smith, an intimate friend, came into the mill in search of her, and after enlisting her interest in the subject of summer dresses, invited her to go shopping with her. Mrs. Thompson was so much interested that she totally forgot to uncouple the chair-shaking attachment, and she accompanied Mrs. Smith down town without a thought of Mr. Thompson's situation.

Six hours later, Mrs. Thompson, on returning home, was shocked to find her husband apparently lifeless, but still undergoing shaking. Of course she rushed to the mill, stopped the machinery, rushed home again, unstrapped Mr. Thompson, and, with the aid of several men who volunteered their assistance, she placed his insensible form on the bed. Medical aid gradually revived the unfortunate man, but it was soon found that his entire set of organs had been shaken upside down. A lump above the right clavicle was identified as his liver; his heart was found to beat at the lower right-hand side of the abdominal cavity, and both lungs were, after prolonged search, discovered in the small of his back, a little to the left of his pistol-pocket.

Strange to say, Mr. Thompson seems to be perfectly well in spite of the novel arrangement of his organs. They work apparently as well as ever, with one exception. Mr. Thompson can not digest his food except when standing on his head. He can receive food into his stomach while either sitting or standing, but his stomach can make effective connection with his liver in its new position only when the latter is placed below the former by means of the expedient just mentioned. Mr. Thompson, however, is becoming used to this method of digestion, though he is not without fear that it may in time conduce to apoplexy.

The case of Mr. Thompson is certainly an interesting one, but it should be a warning to the enthusiastic advocates of shaking. It is the opinion of the doctors that had Mr. Thompson been shaken for an hour or two longer the derangement of his organs would have been so great that they would have been made entirely useless, and that as a consequence the man would have died.—*N. Y. Times.*

SEEKING NOTORIETY.

The Underlying Motive in the Performance of Unusual Feats.

No comment that could be made on foolhardy attempts put forth at the peril of one's life by the notoriety-seekers will make them the last of their kind. This itching after notoriety is on a line with other experiences constantly encountered in this mundane world—it is the attempt to secure a public pre-eminence by offering something of an extraordinary character, quite phenomenal and distinct by itself; and this, on the part of those who, not having the character and the capacity to win the world's regard, are not at all content to quietly do their duty in whatever direction that duty-path may be. So they seek by the performance of some extraordinary feat to attract the attention of the public upon themselves. In such a work the chief incentive is personal vanity, and this feeling is not lessened but increased by the fact that all these personages mistake notoriety for fame and reputation for character. Of course money-making is also an accompaniment of these performances, but that is incidental.

It is not quite fifty-six years since Sam Patch made his widely-known and fatal leap. Patch had previously attracted much attention in Western New York by jumping into the Genesee River from a height of ninety-eight feet. His desire to create a still greater sensation and also to obtain such pecuniary contributions as a large and enthusiastic crowd would be likely to make induced him to announce in the Rochester papers that he would jump over the Genesee Falls into the abyss below, a distance of one hundred and twenty-three feet. He caused a scaffold twenty-five feet high to be built on the brink of the falls near the railroad station in Rochester. His invitation to the public to witness this attempt to perform the feat was headed "Sam Patch's Last Jump," coupled with the assertion, "Some things can be done as well as others." It *was* his last jump. The falls at Rochester are ninty-eight feet high. From a staging twenty-five feet above the brink of the falls he leaped into the abyss below. That was the last seen of him.

It will be recollected that during the centennial year a young French rope-walker named Blondin entertained the thousands of persons who visited Niagara Falls by leaping into the river two or three times a week from a rope stretched from bank to bank one hundred and fifty-five feet above the surface of the water. A piece of stout and very elastic rubber was fastened to the center of his heavy rope, and after walking out on the rope from the river's bank the young Frenchman would take a firm hold of the free end of the rubber band and spring downward. He retained his hold of the band until it had stretched perhaps twenty-five feet, and then letting go he would shoot, feet foremost, like an arrow, into the river. This feat was performed more than a dozen times and the performer was in no wise injured.

The attempts of Robert Donalson, a young Scotchman, to jump from the East River Bridge in 1882 attracted much attention. Donaldson first appeared on the unfinished bridge on May 11 of that year, attired in tights, and prepared to leap into the river below. He gave up the idea on that day in consequence of a strong gale which was blowing up the river. He made two unsuccessful attempts to get on the bridge and finally gave up the idea.

John D. Brumley, a painter, of No. 402 East Forty-eighth street, this city, while intoxicated on Sunday morning, June 4, 1882, made a wager "for the drinks" with some of his companions that he would jump off High Bridge. He walked to the central arch of the bridge, and after divesting himself of his coat and shoes, he sprang from the structure. In the descent he turned two somersaults and struck the water feet foremost. He was taken out of the river unconscious, but subsequently recovered. The distance from the top of the bridge to the water where Brumley jumped is one hundred and fifteen feet.

Three years ago Captain Webb met his death in battling against the whirlpool below Niagara Falls. It was hoped that for several years at least there would be no repetition of such deplorable folly as he showed in his utterly reckless and entirely useless effort. But the itching after notoriety afflicted Webb as it did and still does others. He played his life to secure it, and lost.

And now another is added to the list of foolhardy casualties. Robert Odlum attempted one day last week to jump from the East River bridge, a distance of one hundred and thirty feet. He paid for his folly as Webb did, with his life—the tremendous force with which his groin struck the water tearing the skin, parting the spleen, tearing off one kidney, rupturing the liver and breaking five ribs. Nor does Odlum's foolhardiness fall on him alone. An aged mother and his sister, dependent upon him, are left desolate, alone, unprovided for. And yet Odlum was not without good qualities. He was well spoken of, and he made the record of rescuing at different times three men from drowning. The result of the attempt is most deplorable. And yet it may serve a good purpose—it will doubtless serve at least to check for the time the repetition of the attempt. There are still those who love nothing quite so much as notoriety. But they will not be, they never are, willing to pay the price for it that Odlum paid—death. For the compensation of notoriety, unlike the glory of right living, consists not in simply achieving it, but in afterwards living to enjoy it by receiving the applause of the mob.

Life should be—it assuredly is—too solemn a thing that it should be flung away in a hunt after notoriety which, when acquired, secures indeed the curiosity of the vulgar, but never the esteem of the good or the great. The man who, almost unknown, pursues the even tenor of a quiet life in the fear of God displays a noble heroism and a sublime courage which shrivel into nothingness and deck with the garlands of folly that lower life which finds its highest ambition in swimming the maelstrom or jumping Niagara.—*Christian at Work.*

The Arc de Triomphe.

The number of names of battles, sieges and captured towns engraved upon the Arc de Triomphe, Paris, is 158, the first being the battle of Valmy (September 20, 1792), and the last the combat of Ligny, which preceded the battle of Waterloo, and is claimed by the French as a victory. The number of Marshals, Generals and other field officers whose names are also to be read upon the walls of the arch is 658, of whom 125 were killed upon the field of battle. The first of the 658 names is that of "Chartres," the son of Philippe Egalite, better known to history as Louis Philippe, who, like his father, distinguished himself at Valmy. Upon the summit of the arch, facing the suburb of Neuilly, is the inscription, which, translated into English, would read: "This monument, commenced in 1806 in honor of the Grand Army, for some time left unfinished, was continued in 1836 by King Louis Philippe I., who has consecrated it to the glory of the French armies." The Arc de Triomphe is the largest monument of its kind, being 165 feet high by 150 feet broad and 75 feet thick. It is rather more than double the height of the Arch of Constantine at Rome. The total cost of the Arc de Triomphe was £372,140.—*London Times.*

Not Cupid's Court.

Miss May Abbott was a vision of beauty clothed in blue and gold and haughtiness. The red facings down the front of her dress were no brighter than the flush of indignation on her cheeks. Beside her trembled Arthur Lotta, with a cigarette face and very tight clothes. It was in the Harlem Police Court yesterday morning.

"Have I got to be annoyed by this little puppy all the time?" demanded Miss Abbott of Justice Power.

"How does he annoy you?"

"Why, he keeps following me and forever saying: 'Ah, there!' I've got sick of it."

"Of what?"

"Of the 'Ah, there!' If he would only say something else I wouldn't care so much. But he never does, and it's been over a month now since he began it."

"I was going to say something else when I got a good chance," interposed Mr. Lotta.

"Has she ever said anything to you?"

"Yes, sir; she called me 'a giddy boy.'"

"Oh, I see; you were not bold enough to suit her. This is not cupid's court. Discharged."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—The largest block of alluminium ever cast is made from American ore, and forms the apex of the Washington monument. It is nine inches and a half high, and measures five inches and a half on each side of the base, but weighs only one hundred ounces. The surface is whiter than silver, and is so highly polished that it reflects like a plate-glass mirror.—*Washington Post.*

THE FASHIONS.

Styles that Are Declared to Meet the Approval of Well-Dressed Women.

Artistic modistes and milliners have been making experiments with the new chartreuse and absinthe greens, and have discovered that they harmonize very well with black, and with this combination these very trying colors now so fashionable are rendered becoming to a great many more people than could otherwise adopt them.

Very many pretty suits are seen with kilted skirts of golden brown satin-finished surah, with pointed apron tunic and back draping of canvas goods of a lighter or a pale cream shade, the canvas being very generally trimmed with woolen lace. There are various inexpensive materials displayed in the stores which closely resemble the silken-looking canvas goods now in such vogue. These cost only a quarter the price of the original fabric, but, like all very cheap materials, there is a great doubt about their wearing qualities.

Stripes are very popular again, and some of the new patterns are exceedingly pretty. Plain goods generally accompany these fabrics, and the combination makes very effective gowns—particularly becoming to stout or short-waisted persons. Satin, with raised chenille stripes of several colors, looks well if the hues be not too vivid. The skirt is sometimes made of the stripes, but quite as often we see the rule reversed, and the bodice and tunic are striped, while the skirt is of plain material.

Neck frillings seem to have taken a new lease of life; they are mingled with loops of very narrow gilt braid, and varied in many novel ways to meet the prevailing taste for tinsel. Bonnets glitter with tinsel gause and ornaments. Tinsel threads are woven in fabrics of satin, silk, woolen and velvet. We see tinsel aigrettes and laces—tinsel everywhere, in short, and never did we need less acoustic assurance that "all is not gold that glitters" than at the present time.

A dainty little arrangement offered among the many pretty wares at a fair recently consisted of a generous bow of satin and Ottoman ribbon, from which fell five long streamers of the same. At the end of one length was fastened a tiny pin-cushion; of another a small needle-book; the third held a pair of fine steel scissors; the fourth a thimble in a case, and the fifth an emery-bag. These various articles were made of the ribbon, and the little device complete was designed to form a useful and ornamental addition to the outside of a high-standing wicker work-basket.

Black will be in high favor for the summer and autumn seasons, so prophesies high authority across the water. Many suburb toilets, both of heavy and diaphanous fabrics, are being made of this somber color, enlivened by black and gold laces, panels, waistcoat, revers, and cuffs of colored velvet brocaded grenadine, or richest of all, a profusion of jet mingled with black lace. The magnificent beaded tablliers, panels, borderings, edgings, appliques for skirt decoration, and berthas, fraises, vest fraises, and plastrons for the bodice become more and more elaborate, each newly imported set being more intricate and artistic than the last.

Some very elegant and expensive costumes are shown, made with the new stripes of satin and raised chenille, with artistically fitted and draped French polonaise above, made of finest wool, as delicate as veiling, these figured with dots of raised chenille matched to the leading color in the satin-striped fabric. A number of these patterns have the dots or other figures on a large scale, but they are not as attractive to refined tastes as the smaller designs, for out-of-door wear, though they are often chosen for carriage and house dresses.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

WASHINGTON IN SUMMER.

Peculiarities of the Scenery and Topography of the National Capital.

The weather here is very warm, with frequent showers. The city is a forest of green and our 60,000 shade trees are in full leaf. Washington grows more beautiful every day and the improvements steadily continue. The flats are fast being reclaimed and within a few years there will be a magnificent park, with fountains, lakes and trees, between the White House and the Potomac. The work on the State, War and Navy building, which has already cost about $7,000,000, is being done as fast as possible, and the new Pension building, the Roman palace of the twelfth century, is ready in some parts for occupancy. The streets of Washington are being bettered everywhere. On Newspaper row a fine pavement of granite blocks has been laid, and this will now be one of the thoroughfares. The asphalt pavements of the Capital extend over nearly one hundred miles of space, and there is no cleaner city in the world. Every night the streets are swept up with great revolving machine-like brooms, and the dirt is carted away. The drives about and through Washington are unsurpassed. Your carriage rolls over this asphalt as though you were rolling over the smoothest floor, and you may ride for miles after rain without splashing your buggy with mud. There is much to see in a drive through the city, and a new object of interest meets your eye at every turn. Out of the town the roads are good and the scenery picturesque. You may ride out to Bladensburg, where the duels have been fought for generations and where many a brave man has died. You may go across to Alexandria, where Washington went to church and where Braddock rested before he went on his noted march, or you can drive through old Georgetown over to Arlington, where the great rebel General, Robert E. Lee, lived, and where Martha Custis read curtain lectures to the father of this country. A pretty drive is along the banks of the Potomac to the big chain bridge or to Cabin John's bridge, which is the largest span in the world. Another is the road to Mt. Vernon and others lead to famous historic points through this very famous historical region.—*Corp, in Cleveland Leader.*

Very Respectfully.

An Austin merchant is a great flunkey after people who have money, and he has a correspondingly poor opinion of those who are poor. A few days ago he asked his chief clerk:

"Have you written that letter to Smith, Jones & Co?"

"Yes, but I have just finished it; it is not signed."

"Then don't sign it 'very respectfully yours.' Leave out the word 'very.' There are rumors that they have sustained heavy losses of late, and are not quite as solvent as they might be."—*Texas Siftings.*

A NOSE CHAPTER.

Some of the Facial Characteristics of Great Men.

The names of the subjects of Michael Angelo's most renowned works will happily be impressed on the memory as firmly as his nose, when his portrait has once been seen. In his youth he had a quarrel with a companion, who struck his nose so violently as to disfigure him for life. Tycho Brache had a similarly deformed nose. Dante's nose gives a unique expression to his face, and makes it a genus per se, known as as the Dantesque face, found only in one other great writer—George Eliot. Who can forget the homely face of Socrates after once seeing it, which owes its homeliness almost entirely to his nose? The great Greek moralist had to hear from Zopyrus, an Athenian physiognomist who denounced a bulbous nose as a sign of semi-bestial origin, that one of his ancestors must have been guilty of an inhuman messalliance of some sort, and that the shape of his nose implied a tendency to drunkenness, theft, brutality and lasciviousness. But physiognomists, as such, have always had great embarrassments in passing impromptu judgments by the rules of their science. The case of Lavater is extremely ludicrous as an illustration of this. A traveler showed him two pictures, the one of a robber who had been broken on the wheel; the other was a picture of Kant, whose purity of life has scarcely been surpassed. Lavater was asked to tell their characters from the pictures. He took up the robber, and after some examination said: "Here we have the true philosopher; here is penetration in the eye and reflection in the forehead; here is cause and there is effect; here is combination, there is distinction; synthetic lips and an analytic nose." Then turning to the philosopher's picture he exclaimed: "The calm, thinking villain is so well expressed and strongly marked in his face that it needs no comment;" an anecdote which gave Kant great pleasure, and which he was especially delighted to tell.

It is for the reason of this notorious failure of physiognomists that I dare not tread upon the dangerous ground of the meaning of noses, though much can be indicated by the nose. It must be remembered, however, that of tastes it is idle to dispute. Hence, though our own style of beauty is the Greek nose, which continues downward from the forehead in an almost perpendicular line, still each race and people admires its own style of nose. The Semetic nose has never been associated in our minds with beauty, yet we are spoken of contemptuously by the Arabs and Syrians as "flat-nosed Franks." Shakespeare, on the other hand, must have thought a Turk's nose most abominable, for he takes care to have it thrown into the witches' hell broth in "Macbeth." The Africans are proud of their broad, flat nose, and some tribes even insert artificial objects to increase their pet deformity.

The general opinion seems to be that possessors of long noses are proud and boastful. Those who know Tennyson, who has such a nose, are in position to verify this opinion, for his poetry certainly does not show him either boastful or proud. He has, however, committed himself about noses, for in "Maud" he sneered at the druggist's clerk as a "snub-nosed rogue." That a snub nose is considered to denote fiery, quick temper need hardly be said. A person with a very thin nose is rarely thought generous. So, too, great breadth of nostrils is often associated with coarseness. Horace has frequently expressed his views about the nose in his poetry, and he seems to regard a short nose with a little turn-up at the end as the mark of a jeering and jibing person. Martial calls this the rhinoceros nose, and says that it was fashionable in his day, as it indicated a satirical humor which everybody was then affecting. Perhaps it is accidental, but it is remarkable that Addison, the smoothest writer of English, should have had a smooth Greek nose. In Rome there was a whole family which took its name from the nose—the Nasones, of which Ovid was the most celebrated member. Cicero, if Plutarch be believed, also owes his name to his nose as he had an excrescence of its toys in the shape of a vetch—in Latin *cicer*. Pliny denies this, however, and says that the Ciceros were called so from being engaged in extensive vetch-raising. Be this as it may, Cicero's remarkable snub nose is beyond dispute. Gibbon's nose, which gave his face a most peculiar appearance, has found its mate only in that of the recently deceased Prince Gortschakoff, the Chancellor of Russia; both these noses were small. Some celebrated men, though their noses were not remarkable for size and shape, were still often reminded of this protruding organ. The nose of Schiller, for instance, was very capricious. It demanded the smell of rotten apples to keep its owner in good spirits. Equally capricious was Kant's nose. It could not endure the smell of ill-fed students, and as he was Professor in the University of Konig-berg, his nose gave him much trouble during his lectures, attended as they were mostly by ill-fed, poor students. Napoleon likewise disliked the smell of tar, for which he avoided, when possible, voyages in ships. Philip II., on the other hand, smelled nothing at all, and his reign was none the worse for that.—*Law and Order.*

Proof Positive.

A convict at a French penal settlement, who was undergoing a life sentence, desired to marry a female convict, such marriages being of frequent occurrence. The Governor of the colony had no objection, but the priest proceeded to cross-examine the prisoner:

"Did you not marry in France?" asked the clergyman.

"Yes."

"And your wife is dead?"

"She is."

"Have you any documents to show that she is dead?"

"No."

"Then I must refuse to marry you. You must bring proof of the death of your wife."

There was a pause, during which the prospective bride looked anxiously at the would-be bridegroom. Finally he said:

"I can prove that my former wife is dead?"

"How can you prove it?"

"I was sent here for killing her."

As the bride did not seem to mind his answer, and the scruples of the priest were removed, they were married.—*Siftings.*

—A Pennsylvania lady ninety-three years of age milks, washes and bakes for a family of three persons. A great deal can be got out of the old people if they are properly managed. Young people do not get half enough rest.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

THE DAIRY.

—Butter in air-tight packages keeps longest.

—Dogs are poor cowboys for driving up dairy stock.

—Whey makes an excellent drink for calves, if some bran or shipstuff is mixed with it.

—Dealers in butter in New York, where they have a law squarely prohibiting the sale of oleomargarine and other imitation butter, state that the honest enforcement of the law is having the effect of increasing the demand for genuine dairy butter, says *Hoard's Dairyman.*

—A little extra food should be given awhile before the cow calves, and it should be of a cooling, loosening nature, says an exchange. Roots, with a little rye and oat meal sprinkled over, is an excellent feed for such occasions. As soon as the calf is weaned and the cow has regained her strength, she may be put back into her accustomed place and the box-stall vacated for the next.—*Western Rural.*

—Purity in butter and cheese constitutes its chief value in the markets of the world. It may be perfectly pure after it has lost the fragrance imparted to it by the nature of the food taken. Any peculiarity of herbage or other food is imparted to the milk. Poisons may be conveyed to milk in food. The chief value of butter over any other fat oil, lard, tallow, etc., is the presence of grateful odor. This may add from twenty-five to fifty per cent. to its value. It does not involve three per cent. in the cost of manufacture.—*Western Rural.*

SUMMER DAIRYING.

How to Make Butter in Hot Weather—A Few Practical Suggestions.

In the first place give your attention to the cows; see that they are not compelled to live upon a dry and worn out pasture, with only weeds to eat, and old swale water to drink. See that they have a liberal feed, either of green grass or fodder, or that the stalls are supplied with a generous lot of ground food when they come in to be milked, and above all, give them an abundant supply of fresh, pure water, not only once or twice a day, but if they have to climb over bare hills to pick up a scant supply of grass, then give them abundance of water all day long. We know it is seldom that poor grass and good water go together, but it must be borne in mind that it is the two together—bad grass and bad water—that raises the mischief with butter making. So if you can not afford both, be sure to supply one, or else leave the whole business alone. This is a point that dairymen should bear particularly in mind when they are either choosing a dairy farm, or deciding to turn the old homestead into a dairy farm. See that it will either produce a succulent growth of food the year round, or a never-failing supply of pure, fresh water.

Having attended well to the cows, the next thing in order, where an extra article of butter is wanted, is to see that the milk is not only properly taken from the cow, but that it is properly treated immediately after it is taken from the cow. That is, see that the milkers are cleanly in their habits; that the milk cans are properly scalded and sunned, for this process is of vital importance. A thorough drying and heating is a wonderful purifier. This being well attended to, the next thing is the cow's udder. This should be thoroughly cleaned at this time of the year if there is any foulness about it. Having looked to these points, we now come to the most vital one of all, and that is the care of the milk immediately after it is drawn from the udder. An hour's delay or even half this time will often destroy the quality of the whole week's make of butter. To avoid any such calamity the milk should be treated systematically and properly. That is, it should be subjected to a cold water bath as soon as it is drawn from the cow. To do this, have a large can holding eight or ten gallons sitting in a trough by the pump. As a milkman pours milk in the can, let him stop and pump the same amount of water in the trough, or rather, water enough to raise it to the same height on the outside of the can that the milk reaches on the inside of the can. In this way the first heat is taken out of the milk and it is left in a good keeping condition, and may then be set deep or shallow, and it should not be set either way until it is subjected to this treatment.

If set deep, and this process is scrupulously complied with, there will be no fear of having tainted milk or a "cowy" smell about it. If set shallow, it will then not "clabber" or thicken too quickly to let the cream have time to rise. Whatever plan of setting is adopted, when the cream is removed, let it be remembered that the sooner in season it is put to the churn the better it will be for the quality of the butter. That is, cream should always be allowed a certain time to "ripen;" if raised sweet, then not less than twelve hours. If raised shallow and sour, six or eight hours will do. But right fresh cream will not churn, and it is a great waste of material to put it in the churn. This, however, is not the common fault with farmers. It is seldom they churn too quickly, but, on the contrary, as a rule, almost universal, they set the cream away to wait upon further acquisitions, and being in a warm atmosphere the sour whey begins to eat up the finer qualities of the cream, so that when churning day finally does arrive there is nothing but a tasteless curd left in the cream. To avoid this misfortune, churn early and often in hot weather. Then, above all things, do not put the cream in the churn at too high a temperature. Keep it below sixty if you can. Fifty-eight is a good summer temperature for churning if a fine article of butter is wanted. To accomplish this, ice or extremely cold spring or well water must be used by immersing the cream pail in it before the cream is put in the churn. When this is properly done the butter is sure to come within twenty or thirty minutes, and in a firm condition and of a high color and flavor. This should be retained by the further use of ice or cold water, never allowing the butter to become warm and mushy.

In this condition it should be packed or printed, put in the tub or butter box, and placed in the ice-house or other cool receptacle. From here it should be hurried to market with all possible speed, and the injunction to all hands through which it will pass to hurry it on to the final consumer, who will abundantly reward you for your extra care and favorable management. This, in fact, is the whole secret of the success of butter factories, and it will be well when all dairymen learn to follow their illustrious example.—*Farm, Stock and Home.*

—In raising calves, choose them from good sires as well as dams.